"Nuggets"

by

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"I think your interpretation is very reasonable and in the main, in agreement with Medern Science."

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By interpreting the first of Genesis along the reasonable lines herein, we find that Revelation and Science are quite agreed, and having found "peace" I venture to offer to others a brief review of my long research. G. A. A.

"You have done some thinking. I congratulate you."

—Dr. Leland, Author, Seabreeze, Fla.

"Your general style and diction is excellent. The acrostic is grand."

—Rev. R. J. Currie, B. A., Woodslee, Ont.

Revelation and Science at Peace!

"In th beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void." (Certainly, the earth was without spherical "form" and also "void" of any animated life). "And darkness was upon the face of the deep." ("Darkness was upon the "earths' sedimental surface" deep "below the swirling clouds of steam and moistures; which moistures were called "the waters").

"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." ("Moved upon the face of" the higher cloud regions where was visible, star and other light, in great beauty.

There is a hint here that the "Spirit of God" moving upon the "face of the waters," would then fructify the world). "And God said: Let there be light." (Since light and

matter for world making was made "In the beginning" when "God created the heaven," the duty of the light was to reach the surface of the earth).

"And God divided the light from the darkness." (The earth's own inherent rotation would make the light, after it had reached its destination ,to appear to be divided, especially to primitive man).

"And God said: Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." (Sunlight, having reached the solid earth, and various forms of growth, would improve the air; at least, one of the properties of the "firmament").

"And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament." Resulting in streams, etc., and clouds; approaching our present day conditions:—

When finer types of life on earth,
That now enjoy the purer air,
Displaced a life of cruder birth
That breathed conditions once less fair.

Dame Nature was created grand—
Was told to multiply, expand;
Besides the Sacred Scripture reads:
Within itself is found the seeds.

Environments will yield a life,
That can be nursed within its sphere;
But when conditions much improve,
The cruder life must disappear.

And so when wanes what now seems fair—
The things that man may understand,
Conditions will abound somewhere,
Where life will more and more expand—

Somewhere where LOVE in richness sweet
Is hovering round the Mercy-Seat;
Where Wisdom finds a nobler way
To praise, than what we have today.

HE MADE THE STARS ALSO.

That star with his encircling rings
Which still to father Saturn clings,
Drop hints how earth in embryo
Would break away and wider go,
To grow into a rolling sphere—
Quite as those rings will yet appear;
For satellites those rings will be
Upon that stars periphery!

But science cannot tell how soon
Each ring will change into a moon—
Nor can it ever tell the time,
Before the suns were made to shine,
When God Divine conceived Sublime—
Gave Nature power through a thrill
To reproduce and to instill
Both reason, instinct and a Will—
Gave Grace to aim up higher still,
With obligations to fulfill;
And further it can't tell the time
When God installed the Sovereign line,
Enabling man to breathe Divine,
And breathe a prayer that will incline
The listening ear for all mankind

A GLIMPSE INTO THE PRE-HISTORIC.

When temperatures and all grew ripe,
The water saw initial birth:
Which made a place for life to dwell.
But growth of very sluggish type,
And life of every meagre worth,
And crudest fish first came on earth.
They multiplied in clam and shell,
And other forms as relics tell.
Remains they left made crust for earth;
While infusorial sediments
Have helped to shape the Continents,
And lives so small we cannot see,
Have made big Islands in the sea.
(They worked and vanished like a breath:
They toiled regardless of quick death,
At weaving working God's design
Upon the varied things of time.

We wonder at such tinyhood;
But stranger still is life in blood,
That glides through veins to carry food;
Or rush athwart to check a flood
That flows, or ooze, as wisdom would.
They throw their lives upon the scene
To build up walls, or crust between
The air, and tissue life within;
That flesh complete with veins and skin,
May take their rightful place again).

When air conditions further cleared,
Amphibious beasts, and snakes appeared:
Next monster birds and beasts were found,
Entangled horns and buried bones;

The relics and the blood-washed stones,
Tell tales about their battle-ground.
"Survival of the fittest ruled."
While changing zones as planet cooled.
Instinctively they read the signs
Of seasons and enticing climes.

Air further purged by forest growth,
Then man appeared upon the earth;
And woman too, though made of bone, (?)
'Cause man could never live alone;
Both given an affinity,
And an adaptability
To learn of God's Eternity,
And of a future Destiny!

A SPECULATION ABOUT A FAR, FAR AWAY REGION:

Great telescopes reveal to us
A cluster rare, in "Hercules,"
Where people dwell, so far from us:
Vast regions fair, far, far away—
A trillion miles from "everywhere" (?)
Where nights are bright, as earth's dull day;
And days so bright beyond compare,
The near-by suns so numerous!
But while they have much more of light;
The stars we see at night:
They never see the "milky-way."

A LITTLE ASTRONOMY IN GENERAL.

Upon some clear congenial night,
When all is calm serene and right,
A joy sublime should thrill the soul,
When eyes among the starlights stroll.
The Constellations will be there,
All sailing way above the air:
Yes, sailing round they seem to go,
As to the Ancients long ago.

THE MUSIC OF THE HEAVENS.

Together sang the morning stars,
As music plays between the bars.
In Oratorios and songs,
They sing where worshipping belongs:
The Constellations are the chords,
While every star in music sings:
The Fundamental Tone is God,
Who tunes the world as we do strings!

THE SACRED ASTRONOMY

We read about the Star of Bethlehem,
About the wise men and how it led them,
Led them, led them to the Saviour's feet!
So, may the starry heavens above,
Lead us to the God of Love:
Lead us, lead us to the MERCY-SEAT!

AN ACROSTIC

Holy Bible, book Divine!
Open wide in every clime:
LOVE and Truth, in it we find—
Yielding fruits that are Divine!

Blessed Bible, Book Divine!
In its pages, all can find
Blessings rare, to soothe the mind:
Living Grace, for all mankind;
Eternal Life with Joy combined.

Book of Books; it justly claims;
Only Guide from heavens Domains:
Only place where man can find
Knowledge rare, to save mankind.

Devils try to keep
In touch with souls, to reap
Victims, while they sleep.
Instead of heeding them, we learn
Needed lessons, how to spurn—
Even thwarting their return.

THE CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES

The Christian Principles are right
And never, never can be slain:
Although the devils try with might
And main.

Her Principles will always stand;
Because they are from God above.
They live and thrive with Mercy and
In Love.

And ultimately they will win—
Without a conquest of the sword.
In love they win, exampled in
The Word.

Her Principles will shelter too
And succor while the world we plod.
They pave the highway leading to
Our God.

Her Principles suggest a key
To open hearts, to love with zest,
Till when with God the soul will be
"At Rest."

They are the frame or skeleton
With sinews nursing Gracious food:
Without them zeal, will prove, when done
No good.

No good are kings' activities,
Nor willingness much life to give,
Unless the Christian Principles
They live.

No good is making sacrifice,
In hope of soothing mind and soul;
Unless the Christian Principles our lives
Control.

Christ's sacrifice alone can't rid,
Nor banish sinning from our heart:
He glory has, because He did
His part!

But while we laud high Principles,
Their beauty wanes, without the Graces,
Which upon us Christ's example
Places.

Not hard to learn what Jesus said;
And of the Golden Rule He taught;
Nor how He ransomed! how he bled
And bought!

HEROIC DEEDS!

Heroic deeds! nursed with sea weeds
Within the bosom of the deep,
Will thrill the soul as ages roll,
Till nobler joys the Nations reap.

Heroic deeds! with trampled reeds,
Long nursed together on the shore;
Prompt scribes to tell how bravely fell,
Our fathers, centuries before.

Heroic deeds! on hills and meads,
Where brother now in conflict dies,
Should whet the thought that Britons bought
Our liberty through sacrifice.

Heroic deeds! where flares the teads
At night, before the battle fray:
They serve as signs so many times
To give instructions for the day.

Heroic deeds! with prancing steeds,
While rushing to the battle fray,
Will make the friend of Belgium
Feel, Briton means that right shall sway,

Heroic deeds! Great Britain needs
To guard our wider growing seas,

And spur the living into giving
Zeal for righteous Victories.

Heroic deeds! our Nation heeds,
And gives them glory everywhere.
They do the part that proves the heart
Is true, on land, in sea or air.

Heroic deeds! like precious seeds
That scattered in the warrior's tombs,
Will ever cry, to God on high,
That Peace may grow from sorrows' wounds.

Heroic deeds! a trait that leads
Our soldiers on to Victory,
Until at last we nail him fast:
That enemy of Liverty!

Heroic deeds! are what impedes
The progress of that enemy;
And when to win in shelving sin,
True tact permits some strategy.

Heroic deeds! like leaven kneads
And stimulates to Victory.
True germs once sown, are ne'er outgrown.
They live to see eternity.

Heroic deeds! sometimes exceed
Our expectation to achieve;
But should they fail to hit the trail,
We like the Master, still believe.

Heroic deeds! correctly beads
And gets true aim upon the foe.

We have to shoot, or sin will loot—
Both plunder and outrage us so.

Heroic deeds! are not mis-deeds
To take advantage of a foe;
But deeds to save and make behave,
The criminals that murder so.

Heroic deeds! while heaven pleads
For righteousness and Victory
Will make the Hun-invader run
To hide his wicked treachery.

Heroic deeds! with reverence pleads
That good may come from bravery;
When brave we are, to lash the spar,
To save men's souls from slavery.

Heroic deeds! though courage bleeds
Advancing Sacred Principles,
Will stir the heart to do its part
In mounting many obstacles.

Heroic deeds! now intercedes
For Principles, for God and right;
And are a plea, for liberty,
And crushing autocratic Might.

Heroic deeds! the student reads
Recorded in the halls of fame,
Where sculptured are the worthy Tar
And others, who have won a Name.

Heroic deeds! will crush the Greeds
Monopoly and trusts imbibe,

And every State that keeps them straight
Will have a people gratified.

Heroic deeds! will make the Creeds
So long divided in belief,
To see the sin of devlish din
That gives the world, so much of grief.

Heroic deeds! forever feeds
And fires the soul to nobler things,
Till we Good-bye and upward fly
To reap the fruits true service brings.

OUR NATIONS' SACRIFICE!

Those silent skulls, beneath the hulls
Of wrecked and sunken battleships,
Can never tell, how brave they fell,
For death has closed their loyal lips.

Yet we can live because they give
Their blood, a bleeding sacrifice.
Their lives are spilled, but we are thrilled—
For Liberty the Briton dies!

But other sacrifices yield
Results. To work the shops and farms
And nurse upon the battlefield,
Will fortify the Nations arms!

A seed is "lost" that never "dies,"
Because it never fruitifies;
Which truth was demonstrated by
The figless tree, condemned to die.

A PROPHECY!

Peace Victories will yet arise
From Anglo-Saxon sacrifice;
Besides we're nearing to the time
When Jews will flock to Palestine.

A HINT IN HYPERBOLE.

The world is mixed with sorrow so it seems,
Because of sin's alluring schemes;
But Jesus' precept is the antidote;
"From other's eyes remove the mote,
And from our own sick eyes take out the beams
And Joy we'll find where sorrow seems."

WHEN LOVE IS KING!

A clipping:—**A Lone Canadian Lyrists' Love Song.** Many poems on the war have come to us, but few of them have the brevity and sweetness of this little verse, from G. A. A., a reader in Cairo, Canada:—

"When Love is king, the swords will go,
Because the world will know no foe—
No one to raise the tyrants' hands,
Nor lay on others cruel demands;
But all will live as God designed
And sweet eternal pleasure find."

—The Christian Herald.

New York, May 5, 1915.

AN ARTIST'S APOLOGY.

Well written arguments in rhymes
Will entertain us many times,
When logic, speech or eloquence,
Will scarce arouse the nobler sense;
While all speak more convincingly,
When Art lends aid through simile;
And plays on words of any kind,
Adds cheer and pleasure to the mind;
And alliterations' artful aid,
Acrostics artfully arrayed,
Increases interest in the Art,
And adds an asset to the heart.

Wisdom speaks convincingly
When written through a simile,
Or
A metaphor.

Wisdom will walk with a mightier mein,
When wending her way down the simile lane;
Or taking a stroll on the Metaphor plain,
With types and her figures to better explain